

MT. Sterling Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE

VOLUME XV

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1906.

NUMBER 46

HOME-COMING

PROCLAMATION.

To all absent sons and daughters of Kentucky unto whom these presents shall come, Greetings:

As the fond parent yearns for the return of an absent child, so does your mother Commonwealth rejoice in the prospect of bringing you back, even for a visit, to the Old Kentucky Home. Wherever you have wandered, into whatever lands or climes you may have gone to take up your abode, you are now by parental authority summoned back to the proud old State that gave birth to you or to your forefathers. The old dinner horn, that in days of yore told you of the approaching meal, has been taken down from the wall and there issues from its sonorous and hospitable mouth a trumpet call reaching the remotest corners of the earth, and breathing into the ears of every home-sick Kentuckian the musical and irresistible appeal that he drop all else and forthwith begin his pilgrimage back to his native heath. A joyous welcome awaits you; feasts and festivals have been prepared to gladden your hearts; burgoo and barbecues will awaken old and delightful memories in you; music and song, in sweet strains, will cheer and comfort you; oratory and speech, in eloquent terms will recount to you the love which your old State bears for you and the interest and pride she has taken in your success in other lands. As the genius of spring warms into life the beauties of nature, so will the kindly glances and friendly grasps of your old friends in Kentucky inspire in you, if possible, a greater and tenderer love for the State you once left. Peace and plenty shall be yours, and hardened in deed must be the heart that resists such an invitation and parental appeal. "God's Country" in June will put on her loveliest garb for you; nature will wear, as she can wear only in Kentucky, her brightest wreath of flowers and smiles, the feathered songsters will gaily join in the musical celebration; green pastures, shady woodlands, rolling hillsides, and picturesque streams, will in glorious and gorgeous style twinkle the welcome which thrills every heart.

We have this great event for your coming in Louisville from June 18th to 17th; thence you may, radiate into all parts of the State, where equally hospitable welcomes will be given you.

Now, therefore, as Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, I,

Not Only

have in a new line of Globe-Wernicke BOOK CASES, but also a new and much nicer line of

All Kinds of Furniture

All we ask is for you to come and look, and we will make the PRICE THAT SUITS you.

Will be glad to show you through our stock any day.

FINE LINE of Reed & Rattan GOODS will be in, in a few days. Come and see for yourselves, bring your friends along.

W. A. SUTTON & SON.

Cor. Bank and Main St.

HOW WE PAY THE PENALTY

A Suit Sale Without Precedent

Stylish, Seasonable Garments at One-Third Off Regular Prices.

Tomorrow we begin a period of sensational Suit selling comprising values ranging from \$15.00 to \$75.00—startling reductions. This sale never could have happened if our store had been twice as large, and our city several times bigger. But, when we bought these fine suits, we didn't know when to stop. Now—we pay the penalty.

We are going to clean up. Going to put such prices on our surplus stocks that you can't resist them. Going to make the price tag talk. Come in and listen to a most seductive story of bargain values in swell toggery.

Just pretty as they can be, and a good deal cheaper than they ought to be. All newest styles, finest fabrics and most popular shades. Garments that are expensively tailored and beautifully fashioned and finished—and sacrificed during this clean-up sale at one-third off regular values. You can find good use for another suit at these prices. It would be folly to miss it. Plenty of choice including Eton, Pony and Bolero Effects—the season's choicest offerings. That suit you meant to buy and didn't. Get it tomorrow. Here are some tempting figures:

All \$15.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	\$10.00	All \$50.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	\$26.66
All \$20.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	13.33	All \$45.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	30.00
All \$25.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	16.66	All \$40.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	26.66
All \$30.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	20.00	All \$35.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	23.33
All \$35.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	23.33	All \$30.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	20.00
		All \$25.00 Cloth Suits go in this Sale at.....	16.66

Central Kentucky's Great Department Store

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.
Lexington, Kentucky.

J. C. W. Beckham, do by these presents, and by the authority of the parent, which Kentucky claims over all her children, even unto the third and fourth generations, command each and every former Kentuckian, whether separate from us by imaginary State lines or broad seas, to come back home: if he be at the plough, the forge, the counting room, the business office, or in whatever employment, let him for the time cease his work and return home. Men, women and children, who possess the priceless heritage of having a drop of Kentucky blood in their veins, must obey these commands and fall not to be with us during this gala period. It is not necessary to issue any commands to the people here as to the treatment of the guests, for the former are anxious beyond measure to show them that the Old Kentucky Home is just as good now as it ever was.

Done at Frankfort, this 9th day of May, nineteen hundred and six, and in the one hundred and fourteenth year of the Commonwealth, By Governor: J. C. W. Beckham, H. V. McChesney, sec. of State. By W. F. Grayson, Ass't Sec. of State.

The plans for Home Coming Week in Louisville, June 13-17, are practically complete, and any

one at all familiar with them will agree that they point to the largest gathering in the history of the South. The very lowest estimate, based upon acceptance cards and letters on file at headquarters of the Louisville Commercial Club, point to an attendance of over 50,000 ex-Kentuckians. Only a small portion of this number indicate on their acceptance card the county of their birth.

Below will be found a list of former residents of this (Montgomery) county, who have accepted the Home Coming invitation. This list by no means represents the attendance of those who went from this county. Practically everyone accepting the invitation has stated that he or she will be accompanied by from two to five others.

The Home Coming Association at Louisville informs us that Montgomery county will, according to its estimates, be represented by 700 former citizens of this county during the big June event.

As the railroads have made a rate of one fare for the round trip from Louisville to all points in Kentucky, tickets going on sale June 16, it is expected that all former citizens of our county who visit Louisville, will come to their old homes as soon as they have partaken fully of Louisville's hospitality.

The following is the list referred to.

I N Hon, Platte City Mo.
Benjamin F. Hutton, R. R. 1, Plainfield, Ind.
Miss Mary Bush, 537, Crescent St., Mt. Washington, Mo.
Mrs. Frank F. Fitch, 2321, Talbott Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
J. D. Wyatt, Nat. Mil. Home, Indiana.
C. H. Donahue, Red Fork, I. T.
James Reesor, Tulsa, I. T.
R. T. Bean, Wichita, Kans.
L. B. Wyatt, 325, Jackson St., New Decatur, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie Gossett, 716 Mian, Independence, Mo.
D. W. Hainline, Lamotte, Mo.
J. Will Hon, Dearborn Mo.
James T. Stevenson, Cullom, Ill.
Roger G. Barbee, Cairo, Ill.
James MaKeo, 421, Sedgwick St., Chicago, Ill.
John Clark, Lindley, Mo.
J. H. Wiles, 2019, Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
W. J. Scott, 39, State St., Chicago, Ill.

J. W. King, Newman, Ill.
Mrs. R. G. Salter, Golden, Mo.
D. H. Priest, R. F. D. 1, Crawley Texas.
G. O. Stoner, Kemper City, Tex.
Turner A. Pitman, 291 Main Dallas, Texas.
Warren W. Cline, Falls Mill, Va.
C. C. Everett, 793, Dunlap Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Browne Cornelson, Gentrie, Okla.
Chas. O'Connell, 721, Third St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
John G. Everett, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Alvin Mauppin, % Postmaster N. Y. C., U. S. S., Nevada.
William H. Reid, 135, Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
W. M. Wook, Cleveland, Ill.
Henry G. Bourne, Wytheville, Virginia.
Wm. Upton Guerrant, Davison, N. C.
Nannie D. Stafford, Centreville, Alabama.
H. E. Woodward, R. R. 4, Lamotte, Mo.
B. S. Cornelson, Rapid, City, S. Dak.
R. F. O'Rear, Jefferson, Okla.
Gilmore Bros, Elkton, Okla.

D. W. Clark, Okla. Univ. Prep. School, Tonkama, Okla.
T. H. McDowell, Union Stock Yards, Cincinnati, O.
Mrs. Dollie Comer, 912 Maple Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
D. W. Thurston, 3233 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
A. L. Richard, 100 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. S. Jameson, Jellico, Tenn.
R. P. Clark, Box 404, Portland, Oregon.
Mr. and Mrs. John Kenney, R. F. D. 8, Richmond, Ind.
Mrs. Elizabeth Peck, Manila, Indiana.
T. H. Barkley, Regina Province, Saskatchewan, Canada.
Mrs. A. M. Adams, Main St., Chase, Kans.
Ed Steek, Dick, Mich.
Mrs. Kate D. Thomas, R. F. D. 8, Cameron, Mo.
John C. Brown, West Line, Mo.
W. O. Means, La Monte, Mo.
Rufus H. Todd, 302 S. 13th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
J. A. Trimble, Druggist, Butler, Mo.
Mrs. Mary P. Taylor, 2129 Summit St., Kansas City, Mo.

Ed. G. Bush, 2635 Montrail Ave. Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. M. B. Austin, Univ. R. D. 4, Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Jane Cornelison, West 8th, St. Chandler, Okla.
J. A. Frame, Promise City, Iowa.

Strawberries Now Cause Of Insanity.

According to Dr. Blomer, a Buffalo physician, the statistics regarding the insane of the country show that each year there is a marked increase in the number of persons who become insane by the time the straw-berry season is well under way.

Dr. Blomer said he was unable to explain why insanity cases should be more numerous when shortcake and berries and cream are in general use, but added that he was firmly convinced there was some peculiar influence exerted on persons of a certain nervous temperament by strawberries.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of crop, if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand for the emergency. 42-5t

KIMONAS AND NEW WASH GOODS

FOR SUMMER USE NOW READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION.

WHITE WASH SUITS

The Suit that has caught on more quickly than anything else this season is this very fetching and stylish White Wash Suit. They are going to be one of the most popular suits for summer wear and you should come in now while our stock is fresh and complete. For vacation and outing purposes, you can find nothing more desirable.

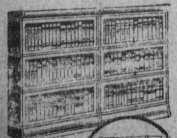
\$6.00 to \$16.50

BLACK SILK COATS AND TOURIST COATS ARE SPLENDID FOR SUMMER TRAVELERS. WE HAVE THEM. ONE-FOURTH OFF.

MITCHELL, BAKER & SMITH

230-232 West Main Street,

Lexington, Ky.



Globe-Wernicke
ELASTIC BOOKCASE

is the original and only perfect sectional bookcase made. The doors are non-binding, dust-proof, operate on roller bearings, and positively cannot get out of order. Bases furnished with or without drawers. Call and see them, or send for catalogue with interior views showing them artistically arranged in library, parlor, den, hall, etc. No. 105 is the catalogue to ask for.

COTTON vs. WOOL.



Merchants may argue, and argue well, that a little cotton mixed in the right way and woven in the right way, makes cloth hold and wear as well or better than all wool, but in these days of extensive cloth and clothing advertising, carrying the truth right into the home by the pictures and facts, which nears a schooling from weaving to making—men know better.

It is true that Mercer's treatment of cotton has put it on a higher, and, we may add, a MORE DECEPTIVE plane as well as increased its usages; but cotton, after all, is only cotton, purely vegetable and lacks the animal life so essential for fabrics used in the construction of men's clothes.

Wool and only wool, the animal material, will do or is fit for this.

For here is life of life, and it shines out eternally over its rival, the king of vegetable life, cotton. Beware of those who would say that cotton will wear, hold its shape or color like wool. Clothes from the **HOUSE OF WALSH BROS.**, bearing the **STEIN BLOCK** and **HAMBURGER** labels protect the unsuspecting from the masquerader, cotton. No suit is offered that will not add confidence and respect for the label it bears. Come to **WALSH BROS.**, for your suit, where cotton is called cotton and wool is referred to as wool; the store where one is not offered or sold for the other; where every fabric is called by its proper name, and you will come again and again.

WALSH BROTHERS,

The Home of the Manhattan Shirt.

True Blues and Silver Greys in our

\$9.99 SUITS

The season's favorite shades, made in any style from the long-tailed vented sacks to the shorter types—an extensive line worth fully \$15, asked \$15 for by other stores—here in an endless chain of styles for \$9.99 the suit. A look will reveal the working of our superior offering. Come to-day for your suit.

And the Stein Bloch and Hamburger, better than tailor-made at \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25 and \$30 have no equal. Here you see the goods, you see how it makes up, how it looks, you fit until you are fitted. Good tailors charge from twice to three times as much as we ask for the same goods; the fellows who claim to be tailors and ask \$18, \$20 and \$25, we can duplicate their kind at \$7.50 and \$10. No tailor who is worthy of name makes \$18 or \$20 suits.

And the J. & M. Shoes have done their share for the high standard of WALSH BROS' offering. The second shipment, necessitated by the increase sales, has just arrived, some striking novelties for young bloods in swell shoes. The "Shoe that fits without a hurt." The only low shoe made on low lasts; ask about this and see the J. & M. shoes in wax calf, patent corona, box calf and Gnu kid, \$5.00—one price—no more, no less.

There is no alternative; it's either good Stein Bloch clothes or good tailor-made—the cheap tailor never. Drop in to-day; hear some interesting clothes talk. \$15 to \$30. Popular clothes and styles.

And the Stetson Hat, the Knox, the Panama, all are more popular than ever and can be seen here in all their different moods and humors, the colors, the shapes and prices are in keeping with the spirit of progress. Call to-day.

WALSH BROTHERS

DO THE BUSINESS.

Relative to F. A. Hopkins' Candidacy for Congress.

We clip from a recent issue of the Kentucky Democrat, Catlettsburg, the following from Prestonburg:

In a special dispatch from Camp-ton to the Louisville Evening Post of the 27th ult, it is stated that a prominent politician of this place had written that Hon. F. A. Hopkins was not a candidate to succeed himself in Congress. We can't imagine who this prominent personage could have been, or where he could have gotten his information, for everybody here, of all political parties, are for the return of Mr. Hopkins to Congress. He has always been strong, not only at home, but with the whole people of the District, and since his able defense of the people of the District against the slanderous assault of a New York Republican, he is stronger than ever; and while his constituents have always appreciated his service and recognized his ability to represent them faithfully and efficiently, that he is the right man in the right place, and intend to keep him there. Mr. Hopkins is not an office seeker, and if he had chosen, he could have been in Congress long before he was, and, when he did yield, it was in obedience to demands of his party, and not his own choice.

Being that type of man, explain why he has been so useful, and made such an able and untiring Representative. He is in Washington, D. C., and has not been away from his post of duty since Congress convened last December

—too busy attending to the needs of his people to attend to his own private or personal affairs.

This is such an unusual course for a public official to take that it is doubtless the ground for guess, or prophecy, on the part of the Camp-ton correspondent, that he was not a candidate. It is the people, and not the candidates, who should be the most interested in who should be their Representative, and especially in this particular instance, after the effort of a Republican majority in Congress have tried to humiliate our Congressman—first, by attempting to make him retract his words, and wantonly slandering him, as well as ourselves. Falling in this, by a strict party vote they struck from the record words he would not withdraw, but, at the risk of expulsion, hurled back at them as true.

Under these circumstances, if the people of the Tenth District fail to return him to Congress by an increased majority, it will say to the world that they have either condemned his course, or that they are the kind of people Mr. Bennett, Congressman from New York, said they were—ignorant and degenerates without manhood to appreciate the value of a man who would risk his seat in Congress in their defense. No: neither of these charges will ever truthfully be made; but, on the other hand, our people are brave, loyal, with as fine a sense of appreciation as any class ever turned out from Harvard, and will, at the proper time, prove this to the world by returning Mr. Hopkins to Congress, where his sphere of usefulness is just begun.

Temperance Talk.

On Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock J. R. Vaughn, of Birmingham, Ala., made a strong temperance talk at the intersection of Main & Maysville streets. He advocated Prohibition. There were more than 175 men and boys present. He recited facts which will impress his hearers, causing us to seriously think about the various phases of the liquor business; the wreck and ruin wrought by it; the recruits who take the place of the 100,000 men who every year in the United States fill drunkard's graves; the fate of the saloon keepers, who debase under legal sanction the people of the land; the condemnation of the voters who sanction and make possible the business of the saloon etc.

In that audience were men, white and black, who probably would not have heard him if he had talked at a church or court house. We advocate more street talking, religious and temperance, for there can be reached many who otherwise would not hear.

He applied to Jailor Wilson for the use of the Court House but his request was refused.

Excursion.

The C & O will run an excursion to Louisville, Ky., and return, Sunday, June 3rd, \$1.50 round trip, leaving Mt. Sterling, 7:12 a. m., and returning leave Louisville, at 6:00 p. m.

Franchise Refused.

The Clark county Fiscal Court by a vote of 6 to 1 refused to permit the interurban electric to be built on Lexington and Winchester pike.

Beckham Saved the County Unit Bill.

In reference to the agitation for Sunday closing of saloons and theaters in Kentucky cities the following from the Elizabethtown News, edited by H. A. Sommers is interesting:

"It will be recalled that it was Governor Beckham, that came to the rescue of the county unit bill when it was practically lost in the Legislature and put it through for the temperance folks. He also vetoed a law which would have repealed the law of the county unit in counties with fifth class cities. The Governor is on the side evidently with the moral and temperance folks. He has but recently had a talk along these lines with Governor Folk, of Missouri, who put the lid on in St. Louis. He has a wife that has made the Executive Mansion prohibition. The Governor is a Presbyterian, a church that is most strict in the observance of Sunday, and if he stands up to his church vows and that good wife of his we believe that he will close those Sunday saloons and theaters, if he has the law to do it. Watch our guess for the next thirty days. It is a good deal straighter and more reliable than a tip on the races."

Home Coming.

It is estimated that 700 ex-Montgomery people will be in Louisville. No doubt many of these will come to Mt. Sterling.

Would it not be advisable to have a reception for them? We suggest that the Business Mens Club take up the matter at once.

Visit to Morehead.

Last week 53 people including some teachers, pupils and friends of Hazelgreen Academy went to Morehead to witness and take part in a contest between the students of the two schools, in field sports, oratory and declamation. Morehead won in oratory, Hazel Green in declamation. The baseball game was easily won by Hazel Green. Morehead leading in minor field athletics.

The trip to Morehead, a distance of 40 miles, was principally in hacks. On Wednesday night the Salmagundi Club of Hazel Green gave the drama "The Turn of The Tide," showing much ability. Both schools are prosperous.

See the new line of corsets at OLDHAM BROS. & CO'S. we carry Thompsons Glove-Fitting, American Lady, Kabo, W. B. & Royal Worcester. We have all the new shapes in these brands of corsets.



Former State Auditor is Dead.

(Special to the Leader.) MAYFIELD, KY., May 25.—Former State Auditor Gas Coulter, died on Monday morning at his home in Mayfield, Ky.

He had been critically ill of inflammatory rheumatism for three weeks. He served four years as State Auditor under Gov. Beckham's administration.

Broken.

The drought which was becoming severe throughout a large part of Kentucky. Long continued rains have gently fallen, thoroughly wetting the earth and assuring abundant crops of grain, grass, fruit and vegetables. Praise the Lord.

FOR SALE.

Because we are putting gas through our residence we have four good stoves for sale, one St. Louis range and three heater. Apply at this office. tf

Hon. M. S. Tyler has sold his fine Shelby county farm for \$25,000. cash.

Free Trip to Louisville.

The Retail Merchants' Association of Louisville will refund in cash to Louisville customers, the cost of Round Trip Tickets, based on a one and one-third fare, on the following dates: April 20 to 15th, May 7th to 15th, June 11th to 16th. For particulars address

J. V. BECKMANN, Mgr.
Retail Merchants' Association,
Urban Building, LOUISVILLE, KY.

PLANT A FLOWER ON MOTHER'S GRAVE.

When you come to old Kentucky,
In the place where you were born:
Where the garden of your childhood
Has a row for every flower;
Where the sun shines bright and warm,
And the birds make sweet music
On the hill by mother's grave.

When you come to old Kentucky,
And we take you by the hand,
We can hear you say to fancy,
"To my own, my native land."
When you hear the hand play Dixie,
You will feel so many and true;
When you come to old Kentucky,
Plant a flower on mother's grave.

In the row of life behind you
Where you may have been poor;
But the days of sunny childhood
Are the days of sunny childhood
On the hill by mother's grave.

When old memory wakes the echo
Of the days you spent with her,
Leave your tears and grief behind you,
And plant a flower on mother's grave.

Or perchance in life's great battle
You have won—and wrote your name
High above some other stranger
In the Hall of Fame.

When you come to old Kentucky
At your grave and glory leave,
You behind, and do not forget
To plant a flower on mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Where the sun shines bright and warm,
In my old Kentucky home;
Where the birds make sweet music
I am going back to roam;
I am going back to Dixie,
Where there dwells the fair and brave,
Meet the friends I left behind me,
And plant a flower on mother's grave.
—Mrs. M. H. C., in Louisville Times.

THANKFUL PEOPLE.

They Are Found in Every Part of Mt. Sterling.

Many citizens of Mt. Sterling have good reason to be thankful for burdens lifted from aching backs, which they bore patiently for years. Scores tell their experience publicly. Here's a case of it:

Samuel T. Greer, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "Doan's Kidney pills were worth their weight in gold to me. That is my opinion and the following are my reasons: For a good many years I suffered with kidney trouble brought on I believe by straining myself at heavy lifting. The dull aching across the small of my back and the sharp pains if I stooped or straightened made life anything but pleasant to me. There was also a very annoying and distressing urinary difficulty particularly observable at night. I took all kinds of medicine supposed to be good for kidney trouble and doctored a great deal, but without obtaining any so noticeable benefit until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills. The change the first box made in my condition was surprising and I continued the treatment by taking another, when all symptoms of disordered kidneys disappeared and I felt myself cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Teacher's Influence.

It seems that if any one thing should be required of the teacher it is unflinching honesty, and high moral principles. He has in charge for at least half the year of children whose minds are in plastic and formative stage, and impressions are made that can never be eradicated. Hence the necessity for a high standard of morals in the teacher. Unfortunately, he is not always endowed with these qualities and the examination room is the crucible that often reveals the dross.

I repair furniture, put old furniture in condition to demand a good price, buy any old furniture at its cash value, make jump spring mattresses. Call and see me on Court street. C. B. Fizer, 25-31

Terrible plagues, those itching, peeling diseases of the skin, put an end to misery. Doan's Ointment cures. At any drug store. 42-54

RESULTS IN MT. STERLING

W. S. Lloyd Says Care of Digestion Solves Problem of Long Life.

W. S. Lloyd believes that the problem of long life is solved by proper care of the digestive organs. Let the stomach get out of condition and soon there will be nervousness, irritation, furrowed brows, sleeplessness, indigestion, and other physical and mental troubles that directly result from a weakened stomach.

Of all the vital organs, the stomach is the most frequently abused, and hence, the one which most frequently fails, and, until the discovery of a remedy like Mi-on-a stomach tablets, which I sold on an absolute guarantee to strengthen the digestive system, aid in assimilation of food, and cure all troubles caused by indigestion, and important step has been taken towards solving the question of good health and long life.

W. S. Lloyd sells Mi-on-a on an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure. A large box of the tablets costs but 50 cents, if it helps you; nothing, if it fails. 44-46.

The Court of Appeals affirms the decision in the case of the City of Paris vs. the Commonwealth. The city was fined \$1,250 for maintaining a nuisance in the shape of a stone quarry in the city limits.

See R. F. Greene for White Sewing machines and repairing, next door to Chennault & Ores. 36-37.

At Des Moines, Ia., the Presbyterian General Assembly adopted a resolution calling on the Presbyterian church in America to raise \$200,000 for the relief of the churches which suffered from the San Francisco disaster.

"Neglected old" make fat gray hairs. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age. 42-51

Lexington colleges and seminaries have developed in spite of the low moral tone of the community, from a civic and political point of view, but in years to come their development will be greater if the city is cleaned and purified and made worthy of them and the mental and material benefits they confer.—Lexington Leader.

Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills.

A lady wrote me from Winchester, Va., she had been under a doctor's care for 4 years for dyspepsia. The pain appeared to center under the left shoulder blade so severe she could not sleep. She asked us to send her sample of Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills. We sent her 10 pills, in a few days she sent for a box. Now she writes the pain under the liver is gone, she enjoys her meals and never sleeps less than 8 hours, and the pills for week and cost her 50 cents for two boxes. Sold by druggist for dyspepsia, sick-headache or bilious attacks, use these pills. One for a dose. Made by Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa. 42-51

Leprosy cure.

In a report submitted to Governor Blanchard, the Board of Control of the Louisiana Leprosy Home announces that a definite cure has been obtained in three cases of leprosy.

Sore Care For Piles.

Itching Piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as blind, bleeding or protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors, soothes a jar, at Druggist, or sent by mail. Treats free. Write me about your case. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by W. S. Lloyd. 42-51

Be Strong.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift. We have work to do, and hard loads to lift. Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift."

What think you? A boxing con for the benefit of a church.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S REVENGE

BY ANNIE FARRAR.

Harold Semple was one of those good-humored, good-natured young fellows who are always general favorites; moreover, he was an extremely handsome man possessed of that daring, dashing manner so attractive to women kind. His one fault, and that too in spite of the fact that he was engaged to one of the sweetest girls in the city, was a propensity for mild flirtation. To his credit be it said that in his heart he was true to his betrothed, and loved her very dearly; but admiration, however, was natural to him.

A young easterner he had come to the west for his health, having developed a slight lung affection. Through the love of adventure he had taken up the life of a cowboy, and as he was amply supplied with money, he soon became a great favorite with his cowboy associates and the Indian belles of the neighboring village, where he and his friends often rode of an evening and spent their time in laughing and chatting with these dusky maidens of the plains.

Among these Indian girls was one who had been much among the whites, and had taken much to their ways. She was handsome, well educated, very clever and interesting. For her, Harold had conceived quite a fancy, and was often in her company, feeling for her nothing but a passing admiration, yet it might be that under the influence of the silver moon he said many things that caused her maidenly heart to flutter. The old settler whose hut Harold shared objected to the visits and took occasion to warn him.

"Lad," he said, "my guttles in trouble with that Injun girl. She'll marry you yet. Be careful, my boy; Injuns is Injuns, and Injuns is treacherous."

Harold, however, only laughed, and answered: "Oh, please, Jake, old man, you're worrying over nothing. She is an educated woman and knows that I am only friendly. Good heavens, man, I don't want a squaw; besides, there is Alice."

"I know, lad, I know. I've lived among Injuns a long time, and I'd like to see you get into a situation or no education they're Injuns first, last and always. Don't go there any more, boy. Take an old man's advice."

But Harold, who was now well and had decided to return to his home in a few days, made light of the old man's warning and resolved to pay a farewell visit to the Indian village, and Mary, in particular. Accordingly, on an evening or so before his proposed return home he rode over to the village and took Mary for a mid night ride.

"Mary," he said, suddenly, as they spun along the moonlit road, "I am going home this week."

Slowly the girl turned her big black eyes him, "telling home," she repeated. "Why?"

"Well," he replied, "I am going home to settle down into business again and am going to be married in a short time to a dear little girl there."

Mary stared at him solemnly. "But you love me—you are going to marry me," she said slowly.

"Well, I can't hardly do that," replied Semple, his face flushing in his embarrassment. "I like you very much, Mary; you are a nice little girl and I wish you a good husband and happiness, and all that, but I must go back to the girl who is waiting for me at home."

"Then you did not mean all you have said to me?"

"Oh, hang it no," replied the man in some irritation. "Men have to be amused, and I may have said some silly things, but I never had any intention of marrying anybody but Alice."

"Then," said the Indian girl, "I wish you joy when you marry the girl who waits for you," and the expression of her face disconcerted even Semple.

He rode back to the ranch that night, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. He had never managed to win the girl's love, and he had no wish to bring misery to the heart of even an Indian girl. At first he resolved not to say anything about it, but Jake, noticing the perturbed expression of his face,

convinced him, and he told the whole story.

"Humph," said the old man, "better not go far from the camp alone."

In spite of the warning Jake had given him, Harold the next day volunteered to go for the weekly mail—a two days' ride over a lonely trail. He made the trip in safety, and was on his way home with his pouch full of mail, when, on one of the loneliest parts of the road, he noticed a woman walking slowly, as if weary. As he drew nearer he saw to his surprise Mary, who said in explanation that her horse had bolted and she was forced to walk home.

Semple gallantly lifted her up on his horse, who went slowly on with his double burden. They had not gone far when he felt a room falling over his shoulders and down his arms. It was jerked tight, and he was securely pinned. The girl then reached over and pulled the bridle rein and stopped the horse. Alighting, she jerked Semple to the ground, and in spite of his struggles and swearing, hauled him a ways back from the road and tied him to a tree. The man laughed at the girl at first, and told her that his friends would follow and rescue him, but she calmly reminded him that they had all gone on a big drive and that in all probability he would be dead of thirst and starvation before they returned. Then he pleaded with his tormentor, but with a last taunt about the girl who was waiting for him at home, she took his horse and rode off.

It was in vain that he begged at himself, he could not release himself. The long night passed, and the day came, and the sun shone pitilessly down and the night came on again and still he was held.

A brook flowed near, and the sound of its murmuring waters fell on his ears, but no drop touched his burning lips.

The sun of another morning beat down as if the heavens were a vault of fire. The awful heat was fast driving the man mad. "Merciful God!" he cried, "to die a raving maniac all alone in the burning desert."

The third day came, and still the man lived on, crying aloud in his terror, his strength fast gone.

Suddenly, there came a change. The flaming sky was overcast and dark clouds began to gather in the south, bringing a sultriness in place of the white heat. The sky became blacker, and a little blast of wind fanned the cheek of the dying man. Soon all was inky blackness, the long roll of incipient thunder was heard, and a flash of lightning was seen. Big drops of rain began to splash on the hot earth, and the man ran out his swollen tongue to catch them. The storm did not move him, so great was his despair, but as the rain came thicker and faster and the drops cooled his parched tongue, hope revived. The storm grew terrific, the thunder rolled in great, sulken waves, and a lightning flashed continually in the sky.

In spite of himself, Harold shuddered, and vaguely wondered how much longer he would live. Even as he thought, a sudden flash of lightning blinded him; he felt a sensation as of falling, and then knew no more. When he came to himself the storm had ceased and he was lying on the ground unbound. Weakly and wonderingly he raised himself on his arm and glanced toward the tree. It was all blackened and splintered, and in an instant he comprehended. The lightning had freed him.

On his hands and knees, for he was too weak to walk, he crawled to the main road, a distance of a mile. He had not been there long before a horse and rider came up the road. It was old Jake, who, fearing trouble, was searching for him. Feebly he tried to call and fainted in the effort. When he next came to himself he was in the cabin, with Jake attending him.

His strong vitality soon asserted itself, and he left the west for his eastern home entirely cured of any propensity for flirting, and also an inordinate love for thunder storms, for, as he often remarks Alice, his wife:

"If it had not been for that storm that Indian girl would have been revenged." —Overland Monthly.

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THE PROPOSAL.

BY FRANCOIS DE NION.

The garden was wonderful in its fresh spring beauty; the delicately tinted lilacs, the fruit trees that were an immense bank of bloom, and the sunshine that played upon it all, throwing some of the colors into high relief and shading others, glowing richly in the soft shadows. Tender perfume hovered in the warm air, while fragile, delightful rustlings and whispings were all that broke the silence.

A white skirt fluttered near the edge of the little wood, moving with a quick, rustling motion; he recognized the parasol, the dainty rose-colored waist and the white skirt, and as the owner of the parasol turned the corner he caught a glimpse of a beautiful face.

M. de Gace felt happier and younger than ever; his 45 years slipped away from him as a dead leaf from its branch; he did not know what it was to grow old. He had married very early in life, and his wife, whom he adored, had died soon after the birth of their son; and since then, on account of the passionate eagerness with which he had thrown himself into his work, he had scarcely perceived the passing of time. There was no touch of white among his brown hairs nor in his short mustache, and his step was quick and alert.

But during the last year, since the Mainfroys had moved into the country house that adjoined his own estate, he had grown younger than ever; he had scarcely noticed that his son Robert had left for Japan, as attache to the French embassy, nor that Miss Maud, his eldest niece, whom he had entered for the Oaks race, had suddenly gone lame. He was absorbed in one dominating thought that was in love with Helen Mainfroy, and that, in all probability, should he ask her hand, it would be given to him.

Suddenly she called to him. "I have just been down to see your horses run; Norfolk is simply superb."

M. de Gace was enchanted, not with the compliment bestowed upon his horse, but with the bright joy of Helen's smile. He looked longingly at her, delighting in each fresh aspect of her beauty and then, feeling that it was time for him to make some reply, he asked:

"Is your father here?"

"Yes," she answered, conscious of his emotion, "he is settling his accounts in the summer house. I heard the little tinkle of the bell by the garden gate, and, thinking it was you, I came to meet you."

"How good of you! Guess, if you can, who dropped down upon me yesterday, fresh from the skies?" rather from another world?"

"From another world?"

"Yes! It was Robert, my young diplomat. I didn't expect him for another month, but he came through without stopping, and arrived without even sending me a telegram." He seemed to think it was an everyday affair to come back from Japan.

"I shall be very glad to meet him," said Helen, lowering her parasol.

"One reason of my coming here now was to ask your permission to bring him to call to-morrow," said M. de Gace, slowly. He was silent for a moment, as if to give more emphasis to his words, and then he went on, his words coming crisply and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Robert is now definitely settled, his career is established, and he has nothing to do but to go ahead; he was still a good deal of a boy when he left for Japan, but he has come home a man; I do not need to worry any longer about him. And it is this fact that has decided me to take, with your father's permission, a step with whose nature I have already acquainted him."

In spite of himself, the man looked up to watch the effect of his words; Helen was standing motionless, while the quick color played in her cheeks. Her little hand trembled upon the handle of her parasol as she traced vague patterns in the garden walk.

M. de Gace longed to take possession of this little hand, to tell her how much he loved her and ask her if she would be his wife.

He felt instinctively that the moment was divine. Had he been younger, he would have done it, without pausing for an instant, but certain ages have their certain bashfulness. He was silent, timid and trembling, as if he had been only 20.

"You know we are always glad to see you," said Helen simply, breaking the long silence.

"Very well, then, I will come to-morrow. I will not disturb your father now."

"Why, are you going already? We have scarcely seen anything of you lately."

"You are good to say so."

Yes, Helen was good, she was beautiful, she was charming. M. de Gace kept repeating the words to himself as he walked beneath the tall, spreading elms, where, at the end of the driveway, a groom stood waiting, holding his horse. With naive care he constantly assured himself of her love, remembering how she always came to greet him, and her smiles and soft handshakes. Was it, after all, only sympathy that she felt for her lonely, agreeable neighbor? But, no, she had blushed just now, she understood the hidden meaning of his words, and she had said "To-morrow." Besides, he had already spoken to Mr. Mainfroy, perhaps Helen's father had told her.

He stopped short, reining in his horse suddenly.

"What if she only wants to marry me because I am rich and the Baron de Gace?"

He drove the thought away with a quick exclamation of anger, knowing it unworthy of the girl he loved, and touching the horse with the spurs, he galloped home. As he turned the corner, he saw his son Robert flushing down the road in front of him, on his bicycle, and from his seat upon his splendid animal M. de Gace compared himself with his son, thinking rapidly:

"On the whole, I am better than he."

The next day, as the father and son entered the Mainfroy's parlor, they surprised Helen arranging her flowers. She had not looked down the road in front of him, on his bicycle, and from his seat upon his splendid animal M. de Gace compared himself with his son, thinking rapidly:

"On the whole, I am better than he."

"Mercy me, let me run away," she cried, seeing them stand suddenly before her.

"Before you go, please let me introduce my son," said the baron, smiling, "and please forgive us for coming so soon. We really couldn't wait."

Blushing rosy red, Helen lifted her eyes to those of the young man, standing so tall and straight beside his father. Their looks met and lingered. A moment later she had disappeared closing the door behind her.

"Great heaven!" cried Robert, "how charming she is, and how pretty!"

"You think so?" queried his father.

"Yes, indeed, and I understand better now what you seemed to be hinting at yesterday, dad; I assure you that if this is the young lady of your choice, I am more than ready to fall in love with your plans. But do you suppose she would be willing to go off into foreign lands? For with my career—"

He was interrupted, for just then Mr. Mainfroy entered.

"My daughter has told me, my dear baron," he began heartily, "and I understood immediately. You know what a daughterly affection she has for you and I know what a fine man your son is; we will speak frankly; will we not? We must wait a little to see how the young folks get along together, and then—"

M. de Gace looked at his son, whose eyes were shining brightly, and, without single muscle of his face betraying him, he felt the agony in his heart.

"Thank you, sir," he said quietly, "for your kind words about Robert. I hope you will allow him to come here often, for I think they will please each other. Robert is a good fellow—"

And he added simply: "And Miss Helen is an adorable young lady."—Washington Post.

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Contest Dep't., Lexington Herald
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Once a year all the negroes who can walk, ride or raise the price of a ticket to Tuskegee get together there to talk things over. Booker T. Washington opened the last conference with the advice to get down to facts, and the way darkies did so was most enlightening, says a correspondent of N. Y. Sun.

One man who began by working on a farm at 50 cents a day said that he now owns a store and 1,300 acres of land. An old man owning a "nice little log cabin" of four rooms and forty acres of land invests his savings in horses, cows, buggies and wagons and will put some money in the bank as soon as the "wedder gets warmer."

A delegate from Leon county, Fla., made a start twenty years ago with forty acres of woodland, clearing and plowing it with the help of two steers which he fed on mulberry bushes and moss. He now owns 500 acres, besides real estate in Tallahassee and a bank account.

"They have got me set down in my county for \$10,000," said he, "but I praise God for it all."

A woman from Talladega county owns the house she lives in and 300 acres of land six miles from town, also a house in Talladega, which she bought herself. She sells milk and butter, eggs and chickens every week instead of depending on cotton alone.

An old man got up at this point and complained that he knew a great many people who raised butter and eggs and chickens but grew poorer every year. He was effectively silenced by the woman's instant retort, which was loudly weep.

"Yas, dat's 'cause de way stay home while de man go to town an' sell de aigs and de chicken an' den open' all de money on whisky." An old man showed the audience his coat, which his wife had made of wool from the back of the same old sheep that furnished the coat he wore at the last conference.

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There is not a woman in this land but at some time in her life would have better for the use of this Tonic. For diseases peculiar to women a better remedy is not made. It enters the circulation, building up the tissues that have wasted, making pure, rich blood. For weak, nervous people, pimply, pale or fleshless people, it will make strong steady nerves, clear the complexion and produce good, solid flesh. Druggist sell it for 75 cents per box. To be taken after meals. 42-5t.

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"UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."

BY ANITA SILVANI.

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Lisa stood on the hillside looking down the mountain road and shading her eyes with her hand the better to watch the figures of two men who were slowly climbing the steep ascent to the little Swiss farm far up the mountain side. And as Lisa watched her heart was in a utter of excitement; first because Ludovico was one of those two men and she was engaged to Ludovico and his coming meant all that could break the dull monotony of her sequestered life; next because with Ludovico came his friend, Rudolph a Bavarian and a singer of whom she had heard so much but had never yet seen. To Ludovico Rudolph was a paragon among men and the good, simple-hearted Ludovico sang the praises of his friend to Lisa till she was half in love with Rudolph without ever having seen him.

Ludovico with all his erudition, —erudition which had gained for him at last an appointment in the College at Geneva, —was yet so ignorant of a maiden's heart that he did not hesitate to bring this wonderful friend, whose whole atmosphere seemed to breathe of romantic charm, to stay with the vain susceptible mountain beauty who had given all there was of her shallow affections to the earnest student simply because a murderer with him meant freedom for her. Not that Ludovico so read her ascent to his ardent suit, far from it; he idealized her in all things and around her image he created a halo of fair thoughts.

It was surely an ill omen that Lisa's first look rested on Rudolph and as she noted the well formed figure, the graceful poise of the head, the classical regularity of the features, the crisp curling chestnut hair, the laughing blue eyes so full of life and pleasure she recalled the description of Ludovico when he had said that Rudolph might have sat for a model to the Greek sculptors. And from his face her eyes traveled almost reluctantly to the honest, kindly face of Ludovico with his dark eyes and olive skin and features that were almost homely save for the bright kindly smile which lightened the intense earnestness of his expression.

And then the eyes of Lisa and Rudolph met for one brief moment and the girl blushed and lowered her head with the thrill of a strange new-born fear, and the man sighed and said to himself, "Ludovico was right, she is beautiful enough to be the heroine of a poet's dream. Why, alas! is she already the promised bride of Ludovico?"

And Ludovico;—Ludovico was so happy in the great news of his appointment and all that it meant to him, that he was blind,—blind as a mole in sunshine.

So Rudolph the Singer, and Ludovico the learned (who with all his learning knew so little of the mysteries of love) and Lisa the vain coquette, restless and seeking ever for excitement that she never got, all played with fire and told themselves, each in the secret communion of their own hearts, that there was no danger, for were not Rudolph and Ludovico as brothers and was not Lisa the betrothed of Ludovico.

And then there came a long bright afternoon of sunshine which was to live in the memories of Lisa and Rudolph for ever, when those two sat under the flower-clad porch alone, with the soft pure petals of the blossoms fluttering to their feet with every passing breeze, and the veil fell from the eyes of both and each knew that the other loved. And that night Lisa sat up till day broke watching the silent stars and thinking, thinking, always, as Lisa in all her frivolous life had never thought before. And Rudolph tossed and tumbled on his bed and called himself every vile name under the stars and still he had not the strength of will to break from Lisa's charms and go out into the wilderness of life without her.

And the next night there was no Lisa to watch the stars and Rudolph knew that there was no name vile enough to fit him. And Ludovico stood alone looking down the mountain road and crushing in his hand the torn fragment of a

letter which was all that was left him of his dreams.

The sentry on duty was shaking himself like a big dog and stamping his feet to keep himself awake, for the hours of duty had been long and arduous and the larger half of the battalion were down with wounds or fatigue—when he sensed rather than saw a shadowy figure trying to dodge behind him and reach the hut which served as the headquarters of the commander.

"Hello, there! Halt!" covering the intruder with his rifle.

"I have no countersign. I am a stranger!" said the intruder, hurriedly, and hesitatingly. "I have come to see the commander. I know him?"

A desperate hope was animating the spy's mind that the sentry, if he did not let him pass, would at least let him gain time to make a dash for liberty while they passed. If so, he was mistaken, for the soldier, without lowering his weapon, kicked open the door of the hut and called to some one within, and the next moment the spy was standing face to face with a man whom he little expected to find in this South African wilderness. Slowly the two men surveyed each other; like a voice heard in a dream the sentry's words fell upon his ears.

"Do you know this man, captain?" He says he is your friend."

As the sentry withdrew the spy turned to follow him, when a detaining hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"So you came to see me! At last!" His voice wavered and broke down; he longed to ask where was Lisa and knew not how to frame the words.

Rudolph laughed bitterly.

"Come to see you? If I had known you were here don't you suppose I would rather have been shot than face you? I am stone broke, as they say out here, and the only job I could get was to act as a spy for the British because I can speak German like a Dutchman. I did not know who was here, and only thought to amuse the sentry."

"And Lisa?"

"Lisa left me long ago, when things went ill and I lost my voice. She struggled on for a time, it is true, and then she fled with another man who had money. Lisa was not made for the rough side of life, she always wanted a down cushion between herself and the rough side of things—and what is worse than poverty and a consumptive husband?"

Ludovico winced, for Rudolph's words were like a rude touch on an old wound.

Again the two were silent. Rudolph in the bitterness of his humiliation and self-reproach and Ludovico because his thoughts had gone back to the past, before there had been any Lisa in their lives, and showed him Rudolph as a bright youth all men courted and all women flattered and loved.

To Ludovico Rudolph had come as an adopted son to a lonely man, and had absorbed the parental love in which Ludovico's nature was so rich, and even Lisa herself had not been able to do more than relegate Rudolph to the second place in Ludovico's heart. And now, when Rudolph came thus out of the darkness of the night into Ludovico's hut, all that old past seemed to rise up and cry out with a thousand voices for forgiveness for that unforgivable sin.

And Ludovico rose and put his hand on Rudolph's shoulder, with the touch of the old days when he had fought the evil spirit of that bygone time and sought to turn Rudolph from some ill-omened path.

"Don't go, old friend, friend of my early days! Don't go! It was fate, or God—call it which you will—that sent you here tonight."

And Rudolph caught the hand that rested on his shoulder and bent his head over it with words that he could speak.

There is a grave out in the South African wilderness with naught to mark it from the many that are round, save a small stone tablet which bears only three initials and the date of death of a consumptive man who died in that far land tended to the last by one faithful friend, and below the date there are the words: "How often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?"

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cleaning at

DUERSON'S Drug
Store.

Phone 129 No. 7 Court St.

PERSONAL.

Miss Loula Christman is visiting
in Stanford.

Mrs. M. E. Cassidy has returned
from Harrodsburg.

Mrs. Mary Hibler, of Paris, is
visiting her son, W. F. Hibler.

On Monday Mrs. B. F. Cockrell
returned from Martinsville, Ind.

M. S. Tyler and family, formerly
of this county, will move to
Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Blanton Johnson, of Frank-
fort, came Saturday to visit her
aunts, the Misses Carrington.

John Jones with Marshall Field
& Co., Chicago, spent Sunday in
this city with his mother and other
relatives.

Buford Wyatt, accompanied by
J. A. Hoover, after a visit of nearly
two weeks, returns to Decatur,
Ala., in a few days.

H. L. Stone, of Louisville, was
in town on Sunday. His brother
Alfred today goes to Louisville to
have an operation on his eye.

Mrs. M. G. Buckner and son,
accompanied by the wife of Dr.
Carter, will come from Harrods-
burg on Saturday to attend the
Brooks Bros. meeting.

Miss Lizzie Henry returning
from Florida, enroute to her home
near West Liberty, spent ten days
with the family of J. B. Cecil and
will leave for home tomorrow.

H. D. Combs, returning from
Harard, was here Monday enroute
to Frenchburg. While there he
saw an iron coffee pestle which
his ancestry brought to America
in 1763.

Ladies.

\$1.98 cash, your choice of an
elegant assortment of sample Ox-
fords. See window Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
May 30, 31, and June 1 and 2nd.
Genuine bargains.

Punch & Graves.

THE BEST

—Fresh and Cured Meats come from—

Ed Hon's

'Phone 64 answers promptly
with orders. They
also supply

THE BEST

Groceries. Try their high
grade can goods, fresh
fruits and vegetables.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. C. J. Armstrong, pastor of
Winchester Christian Church,
hopes to resume his work early in
June.

The new Methodist Church
building in Cynthia was dedi-
cated on Sunday by Bishop H. C.
Morrison.

Rev. G. A. Joplin will preach on
Sunday morning and evening, hav-
ing returned from the Assembly at
Des Moines, Ia.

Bishop C. P. Maes, of Covington,
was here Tuesday to confirm
a class of twenty boys and girls
into the membership of the Catho-
lic Church.

Meeting by Brooks Bros. be-
gins at Christian Church on Sat-
urday night. Singers and other
members of churches and all per-
sons are invited.

The Missionary Society of the
First Presbyterian Church will
meet with Mrs. Hudson at the re-
sidence of H. H. Barnes on Thurs-
day at 2:30 o'clock.

Children's Day at the Southern
Presbyterian Church next Sat-
urday at 11 o'clock. An attractive
program will be rendered. Good
music. Everybody invited.

The Young Women's C. W. B.
M. will on tomorrow evening give
a Library Party at the Odd Fel-
lows Temple. Doors opened at
7 o'clock. There will be music
and refreshments. All are cordi-
ally invited.

Mr. Earl Smathers was elected
Elder of Springfield Church last
Sabbath, and Mr. James Gregory
was chosen for the office of Deacon.
They are worthy young men and
will fill these offices creditably to
themselves and for the good of the
church.

Brooks Brothers, who begin a
revival with the Christian Church
here Saturday, June 2nd come to us
from Paris, Mo., where they have
just closed a successful revival.
Their work has been uniformly
successful and the Mt. Sterling
people are expecting a great gospel
victory. In 1895 their meetings
were as follows: Huntington, Ind.,
223 additions; Troy, N. Y., 86;
Bedford, Ind., 250; Madison, Ind.,
110; Madisonville, Ky., 87; Rich-
mond, Ky., 127; Morganfield, Ky.,
72; Columbia, Mo., 217; Pittsburg,
Pa., 90; Harrodsburg, Ky., 140.
They began the 1906 campaign at
Arcola, Ill., with 52 additions, and
since then were at Bloomington,
Ind., with 591 additions, and La-
fayette, Ind., with 186. Their
time is all engaged for more than a
year. They resort to no sensational
methods but rely on the power of
the gospel. Many preachers from
over the State will be in attendance
here during the meetings. These
evangelists are contracted for a six
or eight weeks meeting with I. J.
Spencer at Central Church, Lexing-
ton, this fall.

Gentlemen! we have the Stacy,
Adams & Co. Famous Oxforas in
all styles. Widths from AA to E.
Punch & Graves.

Some men will spend 20 cents
per day for whiskey, \$1.40 per
week, \$72.50 a year, without con-
tributing to the welfare of them-
selves, their wives or children.
Sad it is to see men abused by
strong drink.

Seasonable Offerings.

We are showing this week some Choice
Patterns of Flowered Lawns from 5c to 50c
per yard. Come in while the assortment is
large and make your selections. We have
also arranged with the Butterick people for
the sale of their patterns in Mt. Sterling
and open this week a complete assortment
of them.

Don't forget that we are Sole Agents for

The Henderson Corset

The correct foundation for a perfectly fit-
ting gown. Every pair guaranteed.

Come to us for the Latest and Best.

JOHN P. JONES,

Main Street, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

DEATHS.

BEAUCHAMP.—J. H. Beauchamp,
of Lexington, was buried on Fri-
day. His wife who has frequent-
ly been in our city, is the Presi-
dent of the State W. C. T. U.

CARRINGTON.—Wesley Carrington,
aged 27 years, son of John
Carrington, died at his home on
Somerset beyond Judy, on Sunday,
May 26, 1906. He had typhoid
fever. His wife was Miss Davis.
The funeral was on Monday at
Carrington grave yard beyond
Olympian Springs.

The persons who went to Win-
chester Sunday to hear Bishop A.
M. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., de-
liver Baccalaureate sermon of
Wesleyan College were Mr. Claude
Paxton and wife, Mr. William
Strausman and wife and son, J. H.
Wood and wife, Dr. Bicketts and
wife, J. G. Winn.

Ladies.

\$1.98 cash, your choice of an
elegant assortment of sample Ox-
fords. See window Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
May 30, 31, June 1 and 2nd.
Genuine bargains.

Punch & Graves.

Preparing For Victory.

On Saturday at 3 o'clock there
was a meeting of the Central and
Sub-Committees of the temper-
ance forces. Twenty members
were present. Plans are being
perfected, and at the proper time
announcement will be made for a
vigorous campaign which will be
crowned with success in the sup-
position of saloons.

For Rent.

Dwelling of 8 rooms on Howard
avenue.

44-3t Mrs. S. W. Gaitskill.

Some people are curious and
can't please everybody.

Miss Burton's select school will
open next season under competent
and experienced management.

Stacy, Adams & Co. mens' fine
Shoes.

Punch & Graves.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

The ladies of the M. E. Church
will give an ice cream and straw-
berry supper at the Grassy Lick
Church on the night of Wednes-
day, June 6.

On Friday evening at the Court
House a caste composed of about
200 home people under the lead-
ership of Mr. Ray Clark, of Paris,
will present "Geneva or the Mis-
tletoe Bough." The proceeds will
be applied to the parsonage fund
of the Southern Presbyterian
Church. The attendance will no
doubt be large.

Everything that's down to-date in
Genis Straw and Panama hats.
Punch & Graves.

THE SICK.

Mat Bean, wife and child, of
Winchester, are ill of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Mary Stoner's condition
is not improving.

Mrs. J. W. White who is in New
Port, Tenn., is improving nicely.
Mrs. White says he will cure her.
Mr. White will return to Tennes-
see in a few days.

Ladies.

See our Main St. Window for
bargains in sample Oxforas.
Choice \$1.98 cash 2.50, 3.00 and
\$4.00 values.

Punch & Graves.

BIRTHS.

To Catesby Woodford and wife
(nee Minnie Horton) a son, John
T.

Born to W. J. Leverone and
wife on Thursday, the 24th, a
daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Alfonso, King of Spain, and
Princess Ema of Battenberg, niece
of King Edward, of England, will
be married tomorrow.

PREWITT-BRUTON.

We are authorized to announce
that Mr. James Prewitt, of Jack-
son, Ky., and Miss Pearl Bruton,
of this city, will be married at her
home on June 14, in the presence
of relatives and a few friends.
After a trip to eastern cities they
will live at Jackson where Mr.
Prewitt has a position with the L.
& E. Railroad. The groom is the
son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Prewitt,
of Thompson Station neigh-
borhood, and is a most worthy
young man. The bride is the
daughter of Mr. Enoch Bruton.
For six years she has been the
Principal of Miss Bruton's Select
School, which she founded and has
so ably conducted, and which has
been filled to its limit. Miss Bruton
is cultured, refined, capable
and will be a valuable acquisition
to any community where she may
locate.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that
Chas. Frazier is no longer empow-
ered to transact business for me,
and I will in no way be responsi-
ble for any of his acts.
46-3t S. D. FRAZIER.

Encouraging.

John C. Wood has been added
to the "Committee on Speakers"
in the Anti-Slavery League, and
Squire Turner has kindly opened
the columns of his paper to tem-
perance articles and news. With
a united press there is every as-
surance for success in the cam-
paign against evil.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral. Tell him
how it cured your hard cough.
Tell him why you always keep
it in the house. Tell him to
ask his doctor about it. Doc-
tors use a great deal of it for
throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was
thwarted with pneumonia. I used Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and cer-
tain relief. It is certainly a most wonderful
cough medicine."—RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux
Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured at
SARGAPARILLA
PILLS
MADE 1906.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will
hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

Postmaster: Hall held an exami-
nation for carrier of the new Levee
Rural Route. The applicants
were Pierce Keith, Lindsay Dou-
glas, Wm. Ticklin, N. B. Willoughby
and Beckham Willoughby. The
winner will not be known for
some days.

Ladies.

See our Main St. Window for
bargains in sample Oxforas.
Choice \$1.98 cash 2.50, 3.00 and
\$4.00 values.

Punch & Graves.

Rod Holly has gone to Frank-
fort to put in a bid on the plaster-
ing of Dormitory of the Colored
Normal School. Rod is a good
workman and would do satisfac-
tory work.

Our goods are fresh and desira-
ble and are worth the money we
ask for them. See our white
goods, they are extra values. See
our novelties, they are fresh,
desirable and cheap.

THE NOVELTY STORE.

J. H. Wood, agent of the Ad-
ams Express Co., has received in-
structions to refuse to receive and
ship whisky to local option terri-
tory after June 19.

No Whiskey

The Adams
Express Co.
has directed
its agent in
our city, J.
H. Wood, to
refuse to re-
ceive for
shipment in
to any local
option terri-
tory pack-
ages of

WHISKEY

or packages
supposed to
contain
WHISKEY
This order
is effective

on and

After
June 10.

High-Class

Perfumes,
Toilet Powders,
Soaps,
Sponges,
Bath Brushes,
Rubber Sponges,
Sea Salt.

In fact all requisites for
the Bath and Toilet in
the Finest Goods at

KENNEDY'S
DRUG STORE.
Call and Look.

BLACK BAND.

I. F. TABB



IN MEMORIAM

When contemplating the
erection of a

MONUMENT

to those departed come and see our
large and beautiful stock of new and
artistic work, the largest in Central
Kentucky. Also a collection of exclu-
sive and attractive DESIGNS.

Fine Lettering by Pneumatic Tools Our Specialty.

WM. ADAMS & SON,
Lexington, Ky.

